# happy masked people

by

thewhiteviolin

Yellowjackets (TV) Complete

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**thewhiteviolin**

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# Table of Contents

Cover
Title Page
Copyright Information
Table of Contents
Summary
1. happy masked people

# Summary

| | |
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## Description:

When the footsteps stop, her eyes flick to the doorway.

A figure stands tall, shoulders broad and rising and falling with every breath the person takes. Dressed in black from head to toe, a mask covering their face, tight, knitted, two dark holes where the eyes go.

Jackie opens her mouth to scream, but she doesn’t get the chance.

or:

shauna shipman and jackie taylor match each other’s freak post-wilderness.

# 1. happy masked people

Jackie doesn't hear the back door open.

She's half-asleep on the couch, a fleece throw blanket thrown over her legs, the hum of the dishwasher blocking the creaks of the house. She really should've been in bed an hour ago, but she'd been scrolling aimlessly on her phone, waiting for Shauna's *"on my way home, baby"* text.

When the lights cut out, she doesn't register it at first. One second, the living room was being bathed by a soft golden glow— the next, it was pitch black. She sits up so fast her head spins. "What the fuck?" She mutters, looking around the living room with blurry eyes.

It's quiet. Too quiet. She can hear the dishwasher and the air conditioning, but there's something else. Deeper, almost rhythmic. It's moving, getting closer to the living room.

Footsteps. Slow, heavy. It sounds like they're intentionally slamming their feet down harder than necessary.

"Shauna? Babe?" She calls out, voice wobbly with fear. "Is— Who's there?"

Whoever, or whatever, it is, doesn't respond. All Jackie can hear is the thud of boots on hardwood floors, the faint squeak of leather. They get closer fast, faster than Jackie thought possible. She scrambles back against the couch cushions, pulling her knees close to her chest like a shield. Her hands frantically search the couch for her phone, and her heart pounds against her ribcage when she can't find it. It's not in her lap, not between the cushions, not tangled in the blanket.

When the footsteps stop, her eyes flick to the doorway.

A figure stands tall, shoulders broad and rising and falling with every breath the person takes. Dressed in black from head to toe, a mask covering their face, tight, knitted, two dark holes where the eyes go.

Jackie opens her mouth to scream, but she doesn't get the chance. The figure crosses the room hastily, clamping a gloved hand over the woman's mouth. It's so tight that the flesh of her lips digs into her teeth, drawing a whimper from her throat. Another hand grabs her shoulder and yanks her forward, dragging her off the couch. Jackie's back hits the floor *hard*. The impact knocks the wind out of her, leaving her gasping. She flails, trying to kick and punch, but the figure is too strong to get anywhere. Jackie grunts in frustration, and she lands a swift knee to what she thinks is the person's crotch. She hears them gasp and hiss in pain, but it doesn't deter them. Something burns deep in her gut when their fingers twitch over her mouth.

The figure leans down, their mouth so close to Jackie's ear she can hear them breathing. "Shh," a low voice whispers. Feminine. Familiar. 'Don't scream or I'll slit your fucking throat.' Their voice is colder than ice, sharper than a blade. Their free hand curls around her neck, leather-clad fingers digging into her skin. The hand over her mouth presses down

harder, and Jackie tries to scream against it, but it's no use. "Just be quiet," the fabric of the mask tickles the shell of her ear, and she can hear the person swallow hard. "And let me have what I want."

Jackie thrashes under her, hands clawing at the arms holding her down. Her nails catch on the fabric, nothing to hold onto. Every breath burns in her lungs, and her entire body shakes under the weight. The figure settles her weight on Jackie's hips, shoving a thigh between hers. Jackie can *feel* it now— the unmistakable weight of a body she *knows*, the familiar curve of the limb settling against her crotch. When the person sits up to look down at her, Jackie stares into the dark eye holes, wishing she could at least see them.

Still, the mask doesn't come off. She tries to maneuver so she can rip the mask off, to at least have the knowledge of the attacker's identity, but it's no use. She can't get her arms around or under theirs, not enough to get a worthy grip on the fabric.

"You're making this harder than it needs to be," the voice is low and ruthless, harsh to her ears.

Jackie shakes her head, trying to plead. Her voice comes out as garbled sobs under the gloved hand, and the fingers around her throat flex and tighten on the sides. No pressure on her airway, but it's a warning. A reminder.

"You want me to hurt you?" The woman growls. "Keep fighting. See what happens, princess."

Jackie freezes. Her entire body locks up, breath catching in her throat. Her mind is screaming at her— *kick, run, hit, scream* — but something in her *recognizes* this. The smell of cedarwood, the shape of the figure. The sick pull deep inside her that isn't *just* fear.

The hand pulls away from her mouth, but before she has a chance to cry out, a cold blade presses to her cheek. Not sharp enough to cut, but sharp enough to keep Jackie compliant. Enough to make her flinch, to draw a whimper from her throat. "Good girl," the voice whispers, and that's when all of the air truly leaves Jackie's body. Because she knows that voice. She's known it almost her entire life.

A beat passes of silence, of cool steel pressing against tender flesh.

"Shauna?" Jackie whispers so faintly that it barely exists. The masked figure hums low— it rumbles in their throat. She sounds pleased, and a wave of relief washes over Jackie, but the knife doesn't move, and the weight on her hips doesn't lift. The figure leans down again, the edge of the blade digging ever so slightly into her skin.

"Good job, but if you say my name again," Shauna hisses, wiggling the knife in her hands, "you'll never say another word."

Jackie's lips part with a sound that might be fear, but she knows it comes from somewhere else. Her hands are still trembling when she slides them down from Shauna's arms to rest on her hips, her touch tentative and unsure. She doesn't know what she's doing.

Shauna tilts her head, the dark eye holes of the mask staring into Jackie's soul. "You gonna be good for me now, princess?"

Jackie can't get her voice to work, opening and closing her mouth like a fish out of water. She settles for a nod. Shauna smiles beneath the mask. Jackie can't see it, but she can *feel* it. "Thought so," she whispers. The blade drags slowly down the curve of Jackie's jaw, cold and deliberate, and Jackie swears her heart stops beating for a moment. Shauna leans closer, her breath hot through the fabric. "Take off your shirt."

The blonde takes a deep breath, and it rattles in her lungs. Her hands tighten around Shauna's hips, and then she tries to kick herself into gear, reminding herself there's a knife between them. Her hands make it as far as the hem of her shirt before she falters, her breath coming in ragged gasps. She can't bring herself to do it. This feels humiliating, almost dehumanizing. Shauna lets out a grunt— this time, Jackie can tell the noise is disapproving. The hand around her throat retreats, only to grip the edge of Jackie's shirt in her fist.

"I said," Shauna growls, voice low and dripping with venom, "*take it off*. Are you too fucking stupid to do that?"

When Jackie doesn't move— paralyzed by fear or maybe anticipation— Shauna decides she's tired of waiting. She yanks the fabric upward, rough and unrelenting. Jackie squeals, hands flying up to stop the woman, but Shauna bats them away with a harsh slap to the back of her hand. "No," she snaps. "I told you to be good, princess. You don't get to touch unless I say."

The shirt slides up over Jackie's chest, is dragged over her head, and tossed aside like a piece of trash. When the cold air hits her bare skin, a shiver rips through her body, and she arches under the force, nipples hardening as goosebumps spread over her skin. She can't see Shauna's face, can barely make out the shape of her eyes, but she knows the look in them. She can feel her gaze looking her over, and she's willing to bet her life savings that Shauna's got her bottom lip tucked between her teeth.

Shauna trails the blade's edge down the valley between Jackie's breasts. Not hard enough to cut, but still hard enough to threaten. Enough to make Jackie's breath stutter and her back press against the floor beneath them.

"You know how long I've wanted to do this, baby?" She murmurs, turning the blade so she can drag the tip over flesh, drawing lazy circles over the woman's ribs. 'To just fuckin' take what I want? However I want?' She leans down again, mouth brushing over Jackie's temple through the mask. She places somewhat of a kiss through the fabric, nuzzling against Jackie's hair for a moment. "And now, look where I've got you. Scared out of your mind, shaking like a leaf. This is *perfect*, princess."

Jackie whimpers. It's involuntary, and she hates it. Her thighs squeeze around Shauna's, squirming under the woman's weight. She can't help it. Everything in her is wound so tight— every muscle clenched, every nerve ending on fire. Her mind is full of fog, unsure where she stands between fear and arousal. Adrenaline pumps through her veins like a drug. She thinks she could live in this moment forever— Shauna on top of her, blade digging into soft skin. She can feel the wetness coating her underwear, and Jackie knows this must mean she's sick in the head.

"I think I'll fuck you right here, on the floor. Like you're nothing but a whore." Shauna says, her voice soft and light, like she's not tearing into feelings Jackie didn't know were possible. 'I bet you'd like that, huh?' Her knee shifts, pressing harder against Jackie's crotch.

The blonde gasps, her hips bucking— well, tries to buck— against the friction. Her lips part, and she tries to speak, but her voice fails her. Shauna chuckles, cruel and humorless. “That’s okay, princess.” She purrs, pressing the tip of the blade harder against the skin of Jackie’s stomach. “You’ll learn how to use your words again, I’ll teach you.”

The knife disappears, but before Jackie can say or do anything, she hears a bag being unzipped. She can hear the rustle of fabric, something plastic hits the floor, but it’s too far away, she can’t see what it is. Then, something much, much heavier lands beside her with a *thud*. She can hear the creak of one of Shauna’s gloves as she removes it, tossing it next to Jackie as well. Jackie cranes her neck as much as she can, trying her hardest to see. She sees rainbow straps, plastic sliders fitted to them. That’s all it takes for her to *know*. It feels like all of the muscles in her body give out, her head falling back against the floor with a thud. Jackie’s breath catches, her heart skips a beat or maybe two. Even through the rising sense of panic, a flicker of something else curls low in her belly.

Shauna’s gloved fingers return to her throat, not squeezing as hard as they did before, but still tight. Her other hand, bare and soft, runs down Jackie’s stomach, slow and firm. Shauna feels the muscles flexing beneath her touch, feels the heat coming off of Jackie’s skin like a radiator.

“You’re gonna be *so* fucking good for me,” Shauna murmurs. “Aren’t you?” Jackie still doesn’t speak, but she nods. Maybe a little too eagerly. The woman makes a sound that might be approval, but there’s no softness in it. No warmth. Just something wicked, almost hungry. The leather of her glove creaks faintly as her fingers tighten once more around Jackie’s throat, thumb brushing underneath her jaw. It’s possessive, like she’s staking her claim, marking her territory. Maybe that’s exactly what this is. It makes Jackie feel dirty.

Her other hand, warm against her, drags along Jackie’s hips, down to the waistband of her jeans. Shauna makes a soft, annoyed noise at the presence of clothing. “Still got all these clothes on,” she mutters. ‘Should’ve known to strip when I told you to take your shirt off. It’s pathetic, really.’ Shauna clicks her tongue like Jackie’s an inconvenience to her. “Guess you need a lesson in obedience, huh?”

Jackie doesn’t dare move. She’s not sure if it’s fear or lust, or maybe both, but she’s frozen, trembling beneath Shauna’s weight. When the hand around her throat retracts, Jackie thinks she’s finally got a moment to breathe, until it returns in a flash, backhanding her with enough force to make her see stars. She gasps as her head snaps to the side, cheek already stinging. Tears form in her eyes from the pain, and she can already tell it’s gonna leave a print. Shauna never did know her own strength.

“Lesson number one,” Shauna growls, “when I give you an order, you fucking follow it.”

Jackie’s vision swims. Her chest rises and falls in quick bursts, and she can feel the heat of her own humiliation burning across her face, but the muscles in her thighs tighten and her hips twitch like they’re trying to chase more friction from Shauna’s thigh. She hates how much this turns her on. She really fucking hates it.

Shauna laughs again— sharp, mean, like she knows exactly what’s going on in the other woman’s head. To be fair, she probably does. “Oh, you like that?” She mocks, dragging a finger over the swell of Jackie’s breasts. “Getting slapped around like some dumb dirty

fucktoy? God, I always knew you were dirty. You were always just dying for this type of shit, weren't you?"

Shauna's bare hand fists in the waistband of Jackie's pants, tugging at them aggressively. Jackie lets out a panicked noise, squirming as the rough denim scrapes over her thighs and they're forced down to her ankles. The woman's fingers curl into her underwear next, but Shauna doesn't yank them down immediately. She pauses, staring at the soaked cotton. She hums low under her breath as she takes in the sight, shaking her head. "Fucking soaked," she mutters. "You're so fucking disgusting."

The weight shifts, and Shauna stands up slowly, the leather of her boots squeaking. Jackie doesn't need to look to know what she's doing, still too scared to move. She can see Shauna reaching for something on the floor, and the sound of fabric rustling follows. Her stomach turns. Out of her peripheral vision, she can see the ugly rainbow harness Shauna bought for pride month one year. Jackie's just glad she didn't bring home a rainbow dildo to go with it. It feels like it takes an eternity, but Shauna drops back down, her masked face just inches from Jackie's.

"Last chance, princess," she murmurs. "You wanna say no? You wanna make me stop?"

Jackie knows— she *knows* — that if she said no, Shauna really would stop. She'd rip off the stupid ski mask and wrap her arms around her, wipe the tears off her cheeks, maybe even give her forehead kisses. She'd apologize for going too far, for pushing Jackie. She'd probably even cry a little bit herself.

Jackie doesn't say no. Instead, she bites her bottom lip and nods, stiff enough it could be written off as a twitch, and she finally finds her voice. "Please." She whispers, voice broken.

The groan that leaves Shauna's throat makes Jackie's heart race. "Good girl." An involuntary whine leaves Jackie's lips, her mouth falling open slightly.

Then her entire world tilts, because Shauna curls her fingers around Jackie's hips, drags her closer, and settles between the woman's thighs. The tip of the silicone presses against Jackie, thick and heavy and *real* enough to make Jackie's breath catch in her throat. She squeezes her eyes shut as Shauna rubs the head through her folds, teasing and coating the silicone with her arousal.

"You're so fucking wet," Shauna whispers, almost reverent now. "Bet you've been this soaked since you saw me, huh? Don't worry, princess. I'll make it hurt."

Shauna doesn't give her any time to think about what she's just said, because before she knows it, she's wriggling forward and pushing the dick inside. She doesn't give Jackie any time to adjust, or even decide if she still wants it— she buries the toy to the hilt in a split second, grinding her hips into Jackie's.

It's all too much, too fast— Jackie cries out, one hand grabbing at the fabric of the couch and the other flying out to claw at the floor, her thighs twitching like they want to close, but Shauna's body holds her down. One hand grips her thigh, pressing hard enough to keep her spread open, the other hand returning to her throat. Shauna leans down, the fabric of the mask tickling Jackie's nose. "That's it, baby. Let me break you in." Her voice is raspy, dripping with sweetness.

Jackie sobs. Underneath it, broken, she moans.

Shauna's breath hitches as Jackie shudders beneath her, every inch of her body vibrating like it's on the verge of collapse. The noise that Jackie makes goes straight to Shauna's core, makes her hips jerk forward again, just to draw it from the woman a second time.

"Fuck, listen to you," she growls, fingers flexing around Jackie's throat as she thrusts. "Crying like you hate it, but your cunt is gripping me like it never wants to let go." Shauna groans, the friction that the harness was creating over her pants sending tiny shocks of pleasure through her body.

Jackie gasps again, tears streaming down her cheeks. She tries to shake her head, maybe in denial, maybe because her body can't decide if it wants to beg her to stop or beg her for *more*. It doesn't matter, though. She lost the right to decide as soon as Shauna stepped inside the house, and she is ruthless.

The pace Shauna sets is punishing, relentless. Shauna's hips slam forward with so much force that Jackie's entire body jolts with each thrust, the grooves of the hardwood floor digging into her bare skin. Jackie can feel her own juices coating the inside of her thighs, can feel the humiliation dripping down her skin to the floor beneath her.

Shauna lets go of her throat just long enough to slap her again, this time the other cheek. Jackie whimpers, her eyes wide as her head falls to the side. The skin stings, and she can't control the sobs that come out of her. "Eyes on me, princess." Shauna snaps, yanking her chin to force Jackie's head straight again. "Look at me while I fuck you."

It's so hard. Jackie's barely holding on, but she forces herself to meet what she can make out of Shauna's gaze through the slits of the fabric. Her vision is blurry with tears, but through the dark, she can see Shauna's eyes. There's no mercy there, just fire. Hunger.

"Fuck, babe, I wish you could see the way you look right now." Shauna pants, eyes closing at the dampness spreading on her sweatpants. "You're totally fucking gone, aren't you? I know you want me to keep going 'til there's nothing left, 'til you forget your own goddamn name."

Jackie makes a noise that isn't a yes but it also isn't a no, and it's enough motivation to keep Shauna thrusting the cock inside her. Shauna moves, leaning back to allow a hand to slip between them, two fingers circling Jackie's clit fast and hard, drawing tight, vicious circles. The angle is brutal, and the way the cock pokes and prods at her most vulnerable areas combined with the rough, calloused pads of Shauna's fingers is *too much*. Jackie's back pushes up from the ground, her body writhing and arching under every thrust, a choked wail leaving her throat. Her eyes never leave Shauna's.

"Such a good girl," Shauna murmurs, nuzzling against Jackie's neck. "I wish I could mark you up, so pretty for me. Fuck." Shauna groans, and though the grip on Jackie's throat falters, her hips don't. The feeling of soft fabric against Jackie's thigh reminds her that she's the only one undressed, and it sends a shiver down her spine. She knows Shauna's done this on purpose, to cement Jackie's place as her toy even further— the thought makes Jackie's clit throb. She can feel an orgasm building deep in her gut, tugging and coiling. Her hips jerk erratically, trying to meet Shauna's thrusts.

“C’mon, sweetheart,” Shauna coos, her voice syrupy and poisonous all at the same time. “I know you’re close, baby. I can feel it. You gonna cum for me? Gonna make a mess all over my cock, huh? Like the desperate little slut you are.”

Jackie shakes, every muscle in her body constricted. She’s trying to hold back— she really, truly is— but it’s no use. Her body betrays her, hips jerking against Shauna’s wildly, cunt clenching down around the toy buried inside of her. Shauna’s fingers don’t let up, pressing harder against the sensitive flesh. One of Jackie’s hands flies up to grip at anything it can, settling on Shauna’s bicep. “Fuck,” Jackie grunts through gritted teeth, eyes wide, her pupils so wide Shauna can only make out the tiniest ring of color. “Fuck me, fuck,” she whines, voice high and needy.

“That’s what I’m doing, isn’t it?” Shauna teases, the grip she has on Jackie’s thigh tightening as she pumps her hips faster. The noises they’re making are downright obscene, and any other time, Jackie would feel a little embarrassed, but the sound of her cunt squelching around the silicone is driving her crazy instead. She’s consumed by it, by the filthiness of it. She writhes under Shauna, one arm now slung over the woman’s shoulders.

Jackie’s legs shake around Shauna, more violently than they had before, and it’s not just the impending orgasm— though, *fuck*, there’s that too. It surges up her spine like a live wire, electric and fucking agonizing. Her breath catches and hitches, mouth falling open in a silent scream as Shauna angles the cock *just* right, hitting her most sensitive spot over and over. It’s not just the physical, though. It’s everything— the mask, the weight of Shauna’s body on top of her, the powerlessness. It’s the way she’s stripped down to nothing, mentally and physically, and Shauna’s fully clothed and completely comfortable like this is just a *game*. It’s the way she doesn’t even feel like Jackie anymore, much less a person— just a toy, a hole, a *thing* for Shauna to use and abuse.

And, fuck, she *loves* it.

Jackie sobs, high and whorish, as the orgasm rips through her like lightning. Her entire body goes taut, then convulses under Shauna’s weight, her eyes screwing shut. Her cunt tightens around the cock hard, she thinks she might fuse with the silicone. Her legs try to jerk together, to push away the woman between them, but Shauna holds her steady, holds her in place, as Jackie cums with a scream that borders on desperation.

Shauna doesn’t stop. Doesn’t even slow down.

“Good *girl*,” she breathes in her ear, her fingers still toying with Jackie’s overstimulated clit. “God, I love watching you fall apart.”

Jackie can’t speak. She can barely *breathe*. Her nails dig into Shauna’s shoulder through her hoodie, clutching hard, for anything to anchor her to this planet. It slips, fuzzy and distant, as the aftershocks crash into her. Shauna fucks her through it, groaning low in her throat as she watches Jackie break, unraveling like a cheap piece of clothing in her hands.

“Can you give me another?” She whispers against the shell of Jackie’s ear, pulling her hips back enough to drag the soaked toy out slowly, leaving just the tip inside, holding it there for a second. Jackie makes a noise, close to protest, and Shauna slams the shaft back inside with a harsh, angry thrust. “No? Too bad. I *want* another, so you’ll fucking give it to me.”

“Shauna—” Jackie gasps, the name falling from her lips before she can stop herself. She freezes, fingers tightening around Shauna’s shoulder.

Then Shauna growls, voice tight and seething. “That’s not what you call me right now.” Jackie knows the look Shauna’s giving her, she knows the scowl on her face. She shakes her head, whimpering pathetically.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry, I—”

Shauna’s gloved hand clamps over her mouth before she can finish speaking, cutting her off mid-sob. “No more talking,” she snaps. ‘Not unless it’s begging. You wanna be good? Wanna make me proud, right?’ Jackie nods so frantically, their foreheads almost knock together. “That’s what I thought.” Shauna kisses the side of her head through the mask, like she’s rewarding her, and Jackie *melts*. Her hips buck helplessly, body still twitching from the comedown. She’s given no time to catch her breath before Shauna’s setting a new rhythm, merciless and fast. The sickeningly obscene sound of the cock rocking in and out of her fills the room, and it elicits a sharp, throaty moan from Jackie.

Jackie’s thighs burn, her cunt aches, and her throat feels absolutely raw from overuse. Her entire body shakes, a fucked out mess on the living room floor, but no matter how big the puddles of tears beside her head get, Shauna’s not done with her yet.

“Look at you,” Shauna pants, voice muffled by the mask, but the brutality in it is still clear. ‘Still so goddamn eager. Cunt still sucking me in like you’ve got something to prove.’ Her hand flexes over Jackie’s mouth, the leather sticky from the mix of sweat and tears dripping down Jackie’s face. “That’s because you do, don’t you? Gotta prove to me you’re a good little whore.”

Jackie tries to nod, or maybe shake her head— unclear, even to her— but all she manages is another strangled whimper. Her brain is nothing but static, her body is trembling like a puppet strung up on need and shame. Shauna’s hips slam into her again and again, driving the cock deep inside, burying the toy to the hilt with each thrust.

“You wanna be used? Is that what this is?” Shauna hisses, releasing Jackie’s mouth long enough for her to sob something of agreement, and then the glove returns, forcing her jaw open. Two fingers, leather-clad and slick, slide into her mouth, pressing down on her tongue until she gags, her body lurching. “Then be useful.”

Jackie chokes around her, tears dripping faster now. She can feel the way her juices stick to the fabric of Shauna’s sweatpants, the threads that pull every time Shauna’s hips retract. Her body is on fire, every nerve ending feels fried, but Shauna doesn’t stop. If anything, she fucks her harder. A hand snakes between them once more, fingers pressing lazy circles on Jackie’s clit. Jackie can feel a string of drool drip out of her mouth, and she knows she should wipe it off, but she can’t bring herself to.

Shauna leans close, breath hot through the fabric of her mask. “You’re mine,” she says, her voice raspy and furious. “I don’t care how many times you cry, or scream, or beg me to stop. This is what you were made for, princess. A tight little hole for me to ruin.”

Jackie’s second orgasm builds the way a tsunami crashes over a dam— fast and brutal, no warning this time. Her body convulses again, thighs spasming, eyes rolling to the back of her head as her pussy clenches helplessly around the toy buried inside her. She can’t even hear

the sound she makes— her ears are overcome with the sound of her own heartbeat. Shauna lets out a groan that sounds feral, like a rabid animal, at the sight of Jackie coming undone beneath her.

“There she is. There’s my good fucking girl.”

But she doesn’t stop. She doesn’t slow down, still.

Jackie can’t form words, can barely form coherent thoughts, and can’t even make real sounds anymore. All she can get out is gasps, hiccups, and little keening noises that barely sound human. Her arms fall limp to her sides, the muscles too shot to hold onto Shauna anymore. Her body twitches with aftershocks, nerve endings firing at random, and she knows she must look *wrecked* — face smeared with tears and drool, cunt dripping onto the floor, legs spread and useless. Her muscles feel like they’re made of Jell-O.

Shauna’s mask is the only thing Jackie sees when her eyes focus. The fabric giving her no insight to the woman’s expression, her eyes dark through the slits. Watching, consuming.

And then, finally, mercifully, Shauna’s hips slow, and she removes her hand, placing it instead on the floor by Jackie’s shoulder.

She doesn’t stop. Just eases, like when you let a toy run out before you wind it up again.

“Hey,” Shauna murmurs, swiping some of the drool from Jackie’s chin, touch bordering on gentle. ‘Still with me?’ Jackie blinks at her. She hums— more of a grunt, really— and Shauna smiles beneath the mask, like it’s the most beautiful thing she’s ever heard. “Good,” she says softly, “because I’m not done with you yet.”

When the tears fall from her eyes again, it’s not because she’s scared or because she wants Shauna to stop.

She cries because the words send an electric shock to her overworked clit, and her hips jerk involuntarily. The chuckle Shauna lets out is devoid of humor, deep and mean, and it vibrates through Jackie’s ribs where their bodies press together. “That’s it,” she coos mockingly. “You’re so easy to break, princess. Barely touch you and you’re sobbing again.”

Shauna shifts, pulling out just a few inches— enough for Jackie to feel the emptiness— then slams back inside with a wet, punishing thrust. Jackie cries out, or she tries to, but her throat is so raw it comes out hoarse, almost soundless. Her body jerks, so sensitive, spasming under Shauna’s weight. “You hear that?” She murmurs, hips moving at a slow, agonizing pace, dragging every inch of the toy against Jackie’s ruined walls. “That disgusting fucking noise? That’s your cunt, begging for more. Begging for me.”

The lust in Shauna’s voice makes Jackie’s eyes flutter, her lashes sticking together with tears. She should be ashamed or humiliated. But all she can feel, all she can even think about, is how badly she needs this.

She’s pathetic. She knows that.

Shauna watches her closely, dark eyes scanning her face for any signs of real, genuine discomfort. She brushes a strand of damp hair away from Jackie’s cheek, her touch gentle again. Almost sweet, if not for the cock still pumping in and out of her with cruel, punishing intent.

“You fucking love this,” she whispers. ‘Don’t even try to lie. Your body’s fucking begging for it, baby.’ Jackie’s not sure if she’s nodding or if the muscles in her neck are spasming. Her mouth falls open, a sob catching in her throat. Before she can even try to get a sound out, Shauna’s gloved fingers press and prod into her mouth again, forcing her jaw to open wider. “I said no talking, didn’t I?”

Jackie whimpers. Shauna pulls her fingers free and lightly slaps Jackie’s cheek, not hard enough to jerk her head to the side, but a solid pop. Just enough to make her focus.

“You’re gonna cum again,” she says through gritted teeth, but it sounds so casual still. Almost conversational. “I want you to fall apart one more time, baby. And then, maybe, I’ll give you a break. Maybe.”

Jackie’s mouth tries to form a plea— for mercy, or maybe for more, she doesn’t even know — but it doesn’t matter. Shauna’s already got a plan in place, her hips snapping faster, setting a brutal pace. She pushes through the resistance of Jackie’s spent cunt, forcing every inch inside. Jackie’s body jerks with every thrust, her clit buzzing under the graze of Shauna’s fingers. Her legs kick out weakly, trembling, her breath stuttering between gasps and sobs.

There’s no fighting it this time. The buildup is almost fast, almost painful in the way it coils in Jackie’s gut. Shauna’s fingers press harder, and there’s no respect in the messy, erratic circles she’s drawing. She’s just trying to squeeze another orgasm out of her, there’s no finesse or attention to Jackie, not really. Jackie keens, high-pitched and ragged, the muscles in her thighs twitching violently.

“C’mon,” Shauna urges, voice so low it almost sounds like a growl, leaning in to brush her nose against Jackie’s. “Be a good little toy and cum all over my cock, one more time. You can do it.”

Jackie *wails*. There’s no control, no restraint left in her body. Her muscles lock painfully, her spine arching off the ground. One of her hands tries to claw at the floor, the other manages to get to the waistband of Shauna’s pants, curling around the fabric and tugging. Her pussy spasms around the toy like it’s trying to pull Shauna impossibly deeper, or hold her there forever. She convulses hard enough to see stars, and the scream that it rips from her throat is hoarse and strangled.

Shauna moans at the sight, deep and guttural, grinding into her through it. Jackie can feel how soaked everything is— her thighs, Shauna’s sweatpants, the living room floor beneath them. “You look so pretty like this,” Shauna mumbles, more for herself than anything.

After the orgasm runs its course, Jackie’s body gives. She slumps onto the floor, face wet, chest heaving, jaw slack in an expression of utter ruin. She’s barely conscious, thighs still twitching with aftershocks. Shauna doesn’t move. She stays there, cock buried inside her, holding her down like she’s afraid Jackie would float away if she lets go.

A few seconds pass, or maybe more, and Shauna shifts her weight to one arm and cups Jackie’s cheek with the other, leather glove soft and cooling against her flushed skin.

“You still with me?” Her voice is quiet now, almost sweet. Jackie blinks slowly at her, unable to speak, but the noise she makes is enough for Shauna. ‘Good,’ Shauna breathes, voice light like it’s praise. She leans down, pressing her forehead against Jackie’s. The fabric tickles the woman’s nose, and she scrunches her face up. Shauna can’t help the fond smile

that tugs at her lips, and she's grateful Jackie can't see it. "You did *so* fucking good for me, baby." Jackie lets out a breathless whine, and Shauna gives her a soft kiss through the mask.

Without warning or any kind of indicator, Shauna's hips pull back and rock forward gently. Just enough to remind Jackie she's there, just enough for Jackie to feel the weight inside her.

"You know what the best part of it all is, princess?" Shauna murmurs, almost dreamily. "You're not done. Not even close."

Jackie makes a garbled sound, somewhere between a sob and a whimper, and Shauna hushes her softly. She brushes her gloved thumb over Jackie's cheek, smearing tears across skin that's already burning red and soaked. "Shh, I know, baby. I know it's a lot." Then, her voice drops lower, to the space that makes Jackie's stomach twist, laced with cruelty. "But you don't get to be done until I say so, understand?"

Shauna's hips roll, slow and deep, dragging the cock against nerves already overworked and fried, until Jackie lets out a shattered moan and tries to squirm away on instinct. Her legs are still too weak to get far, though. She doesn't even make it an inch before Shauna's hand closes around her hips, hard enough to leave marks. "Stay still."

When Shauna thrusts again, she does it what feels like ten times harder. Jackie cries out, her body jolting from the impact. Shauna reaches up with her gloved hand, grabbing at Jackie's chest almost animalistically. Jackie's hands scramble on the floor for purchase, but it's useless. Shauna's got her pinned.

"Your pretty little cunt hasn't even started begging yet," Shauna murmurs, her mask rubbing against Jackie's cheek. "You think I'd go through all this trouble just to stop after three fucking orgasms?"

Jackie sobs, shaking her head— but it's not a no. It's a *please*. She's not sure if she's begging for it to stop or begging for more— maybe both. Her brain is so fogged, she's not even completely sure what Shauna's saying.

Shauna presses her thumb between Jackie's lips again, smearing spit over her chin. "You like this, don't you?" She croons. 'You like being my dumb toy. My pretty, dumb fuckdoll.' Jackie moans around her thumb, eyes fluttering shut. Shauna lets out a breathy laugh, shaking her head. "That's what I thought. So good for me."

With that, she adjusts the grip she has on Jackie, shuffles her knees to a wider position, and fucks Jackie in earnest again. No buildup, no teasing— just brutal, unrelenting strokes. Jackie's nails claw weakly at Shauna's arms, her moans turning into broken sobs once more. Her clit feels rubbed raw, overworked, but every time Shauna moves just right and she brushes against the swollen bundle of nerves, Jackie feels the pressure building low in her stomach again. Her own body, betraying her. She's already spiraling toward another orgasm, and Shauna knows it.

"Oh, baby," she sighs, voice sweet as honey and sadistic. 'You really are pathetic, huh? Barely even touched you and you're already so, so close again.' Jackie mewls, arching up toward the woman, trying to get as close as possible. Shauna leans in, mask brushing Jackie's ear. "I could keep you like this forever, you know. Just stuff you full and make you cum over and over, until you forget your own name."

All Jackie can think, through the fog of overstimulation and exhaustion, is *yes*, *yes*, *yes*.

Shauna grunts with each thrust, and as much as she'd love to do this forever, she knows her knees are gonna give out soon. She stares at Jackie, watching the woman's face contort in pleasure and, she's sure, a little bit of pain too. There's a soft voice in her mind, reminding her how much she loves Jackie. How willing she'd be to do anything for her, how willing Jackie is in return.

"I think you've been so good for me, baby," she whispers in Jackie's ear. 'So good, in fact, you deserve a reward.' Jackie whimpers in response, staring at Shauna with big, teary eyes. Shauna grins. "Sound good? You want a treat?"

Jackie nods, barely. It's more like her head wobbles like a bobblehead doll, but Shauna takes it as agreement anyway. She pulls the cock out, slow and deliberate, and Jackie can't help the whine that slips out at the sudden emptiness. Her thighs twitch once, twice, and then go slack entirely.

"Up," Shauna says, standing up with a groan, stretching her back like a cat. Her voice is casual now, like Jackie isn't sprawled out on their living room floor like a doll discarded mid-play. "C'mon, baby. On your knees."

Jackie tries to move, but her body refuses to cooperate. Her arms shake as she pushes herself up, and she's just barely able to get into a kneeling position. Though she can't see it, Shauna's smiling at her with pride. That's her girl. Resilient as always.

Shauna shoves the harness down her legs, kicking it across the floor. Jackie's eyes follow the rainbow before settling back on Shauna, obediently waiting for her next command. She sways slightly on her knees, like she might tip over. Her face is blotchy, her eyes are glassy as they stare up at the woman. There's drool running down her chin, and slick shines on her inner thighs from the moonlight filtering through the blinds. Shauna thinks this is, maybe, the most beautiful Jackie has looked since they were rescued. Absolutely, thoroughly wrecked for her.

Shauna drops to the couch in front of her, not bothering to undress herself. She nods once at the woman in front of her, motioning for Jackie to come closer. "Come on, baby. You want your reward, don't you?"

Jackie whimpers, nodding too quickly. She shuffles forward until she's between Shauna's thighs, hands gripping the top of them for support. She leans forward, messy and uncoordinated, her nose bumping against the seam as she mouths at Shauna through the cotton. It's clumsy, but she's so eager, her tongue desperate and unfocused. Shauna almost melts, but she keeps herself steady. She stretches her arms out on the back of the couch, just watching the woman struggle.

"Oh my *God*," she laughs, throaty and cruel. 'You can barely keep your mouth on me. Look at you, baby. You're so fucked out you can't even eat pussy properly, and that's like,' Shauna hums in faux contemplation, "the only thing you're good at."

Jackie whimpers in response, trying harder, but knowing the sweatpants are sabotage more than anything. She licks the fabric harder, like it's instinct, not skill. She slips, misses the mark completely more than it hits, and Jackie whines. Shauna groans, equal parts frustrated

and aroused. She won't last long, she knows that. Just the combination of watching Jackie take her cock, and her pants pressing against her, had almost ruined her.

"You're so fucking pathetic," she sighs, grabbing a fistful of Jackie's hair and using it to shove her away. Jackie gasps, whimpering at the pain. Shauna lifts her hips, shoving her sweatpants down to pool at her ankles, and her underwear follows. She relaxes back into the cushion, reaching forward to force Jackie between her legs again. Jackie nearly falls flat on her face when Shauna pulls her, her mouth slack and fresh tears dripping down her cheeks. "You wanted a reward, and this is how you thank me? Sloppy and fucking stupid?" Jackie moans in response, face already buried in her cunt, and Shauna uses the grip she has on her hair to pull her impossibly closer.

"*Yeah*. That's it, baby," Shauna gnaws on her bottom lip, her hips twitching when Jackie's tongue glides over her clit. "Go on, *try* to make me cum. Doubt you'll be able to, messy little thing."

Jackie's face is a mess, chin soaked with both drool and Shauna's arousal. She can barely tell where she ends and Shauna begins. Her tongue never stops moving— frantic circles, inconsistent pressure, dipping inside just to ruin it with a moan of her own. All effort, no technique, but it doesn't matter. Shauna slumps further down the couch, pushing her legs wider, rocking against Jackie's face. Taking what she wants.

"You're so fucking dumb like this," she says, breath hitching. Shauna throws her head back, letting out a soft moan when Jackie's teeth graze over her swollen bundle of nerves. "So — fuck, just like that, baby— so pretty and stupid. Good for nothing except opening your pretty little mouth, letting me use you."

Jackie moans again, loud and choked. Shauna's orgasm builds steadily in her gut, the heat coiling deep inside, her thighs trembling under Jackie's hands. She grinds down harder, and Jackie can do nothing but let her, far too gone to care. Her jaw hurts, and her neck is straining from the uncomfortable position, but all she can do is keep going.

"Keep going, just like that. Fuck, princess." Shauna groans, hips bucking into Jackie's mouth. 'That's it, baby. You're doing so fucking good. My dumb little girl.' She gasps, pulling on Jackie's hair so hard Jackie can't do anything but squeal. "Want me to cum on that pretty face of yours?"

Shauna doesn't wait for an answer, she doesn't need one. Jackie's nodding already— or maybe she's just shaking from the effort it's taking to stay upright. Either way, Shauna takes it as permission. She grinds against Jackie's mouth, steady and relentless, fucking her mouth like she was *made* for this.

"You are such a fucking mess," she breathes, looking down at the wreck of a girl between her thighs. "Crying, drooling all over my pussy. God, you *love* this, don't you? Just being used. Being *mine*."

Jackie whimpers, mouth still working, lips slick and swollen. Her hands slide down to her own thighs, nails digging into her skin as another way to anchor herself. She flattens her tongue against Shauna, dragging it from her dripping entrance to her clit, before sealing her lips around the swollen bud. Shauna's hips jerk at the soft suckle that follows, a sharp gasp leaving her lips.

“Jackie,” Shauna moans, low and shaky. “Jackie, fuck, ‘m gonna cum. Gonna fuckin’ cum all over your dumb, pretty f-face, *fuck* !”

Shauna’s hips buck once, twice, and then it crashes over her— sharp and aggressive, like a wild animal with its prey. Her hips jerk forward as she moans through it, deep and guttural. Jackie’s eyes flutter, moaning— practically purring— at the taste, the approval, the hard tug Shauna gives her hair. Jackie, as obedient as always, doesn’t stop lapping at her cunt like she’s drinking holy water. She consumes every ounce of Shauna she can, like she’s starving, like she’s desperate.

When the orgasm subsides, Shauna falls back against the couch cushion, taking a long, shaky breath. Her hand releases Jackie’s hair, just resting there instead, gentle now. She looks down, catching the dazed, ruined expression on Jackie’s face— soaked with Shauna’s cum, cheeks a dark red, and so, so fucking obedient.

“Jesus Christ,” she murmurs, breathless and still riding the aftershocks. “You are so perfect like this.” Jackie doesn’t respond, just lets out a little mewl. Her mouth is still open, the tip of her tongue resting against her bottom lip, like she’s a panting dog, or like she’s waiting for more. Maybe she is.

Shauna tilts her head to the side, amused. “What? You want more, princess?” Jackie nods slowly, tears shining on her lashes. A soft, choked sound leaves her throat. Not quite a word, but it doesn’t need to be. Shauna cups her face gently with her gloved hand, thumb stroking over her cheek. ‘God, I *love* you like this.’ Her voice drops, warm and dark, curling around something feral. “I really do. So good when you’re all dumb and pliant and fucked out. Letting me use you like a toy.”

Jackie doesn’t move— can’t, probably— but she leans in to Shauna’s touch, lips brushing the pad of her thumb like instinct. She’s trembling still, a little pathetic, a little beautiful. Her skin glows with sweat under the moonlight, and her lashes flutter like she’s about to fall asleep, or she’s begging for more. Shauna sits still for a second, just watching her.

Then she leans in, just enough for Jackie to hear her as she whispers, like she’s sharing a secret.

“Think you’ve got another one in you?”

Jackie blinks up at her, eyes brightening as she stares at her, like she’s looking at God. Her mouth opens and closes, unable to get anything out, but one of her hands ventures between her thighs, shaky but determined. “Oh,” Shauna says, delighted. “You do.”

She shifts on the couch, spreading her legs wider to allow Jackie to return to her position. She relaxes back into the cushions like this is a casual Tuesday night, and not the umpteenth round of wrecking the woman kneeling in front of her. “Alright, princess,” she purrs, one hand tangling lazily in Jackie’s hair. She tugs gently, and Jackie obediently leans forward once more. “Touch yourself while you eat my cunt, show me how dumb you are for me.”

Jackie whines, needy and eager, and she struggles to keep her fingers where she needs them through the slickness. Her other hand clutches the edge of the couch, needing something to hold onto. Her eyes stay on Shauna as her mouth starts to work again— a little more composed than before— and Shauna lets out a husky moan. She presses tentative kisses to Shauna’s clit, almost worshipful.

Shauna exhales slow, pleased. “That’s it, that’s my good girl.”

Jackie moans into her, fingers working frantically between her legs. Her clit is still so overworked and sensitive, it doesn’t take long before her entire body is trembling once more. Every part of her is so, so geared toward Shauna— her lips, her hands, her wide, starry eyes.

Shauna’s mouth curls into a satisfied, dangerous smile behind the mask. Her hand in Jackie’s hair tightens again, but it’s almost affectionate this time, guiding Jackie as she suckles and licks like it’s the only thing she knows how to do.

“Just like that,” she murmurs, barely audible over the obscene, wet sounds between them. “You were fuckin’ made for this, princess. Made for me.”

Jackie whimpers against her, overwhelmed but obedient as ever, and her fingers keep stuttering against her clit, rhythm erratic. God, she’s so close again already, her entire body so wound up, fucked raw and so desperate for the finish line.

Shauna grinds harder against her mouth, chasing her own high, slow, and deliberate this time. “I bet you could cum just from eating me out,” she says, breath hitching on the last word. ‘Fuck, Jax, I bet if I got you worked up enough, just the sight would do you in.’ Shauna manages a breathy chuckle, cutting it off with a low moan. “Bet that dumb little hole is clenching around nothing ’cause it’s too fucking cockdrunk to know better.”

Jackie lets out a garbled noise, her body jerking as she slips two fingers inside herself. The angle is difficult, but she manages to find a good wrist position. She practically rides her own fingers, grinding down against them, rolling her hips and gasping every time the heel of her hand bumps against her clit *just* right.

Shauna watches her, eyes half-lidded and lazy with power, her thighs tensing on either side of Jackie’s flushed cheeks. She brushes a strand of sweaty hair from Jackie’s forehead, the motion almost tender. Jackie works up more confidence, exploring more aggressively with her tongue, like she would under any other circumstances. She dips inside Shauna’s cunt, and takes a sharp intake of breath through her nose when Shauna’s response is to tug her closer, grinding the tip of Jackie’s nose against her clit. Jackie remains like that until she tugs hard enough against Shauna’s grip, grunting and tapping her free hand against Shauna’s thigh, but she doesn’t remove her mouth.

“I want you to cum for me like this,” Shauna barks, slipping her hand down to wipe a stray tear from the corner of Jackie’s eye. “With your mouth on me and your fingers in your messy little cunt. I wanna watch you break again.”

Jackie sobs into her, the vibration of the noise making Shauna jolt, hips jerking into her with a ragged breath. Her free hand claws at the couch, nails digging into the worn fabric as she ruts against Jackie’s mouth, chasing another high, almost as desperate and pathetic as Jackie had been earlier. Almost. And Jackie— sweet, stupid Jackie— lets her, she takes the abuse Shauna inflicts on her. Welcomes it, even.

Her fingers move faster now, frantic and clumsy, alternating between fucking her own drenched pussy and toying with her used clit. It’s all too much, yet not enough at the same time. She’s nearly dizzy from it, drunk off the taste of the musky arousal that fills her mouth and the sound of Shauna’s voice and the swollen, wet heat between her own legs. Jackie can

feel her juices dripping down the inside of her thigh, can hear how disgustingly wet she is every time she shoves her fingers inside herself.

"Look at you," Shauna groans. "Fucking look at you. Crying all over my cunt, shaking like a goddamn leaf, and you're still… Jesus, you're still so desperate for it."

Jackie whimpers again, louder this time, pitched high and strangled. Her legs begin to twitch under her as her orgasm builds— her thighs press together involuntarily, trying to control the surge of pleasure. She can't, not like this. Not with Shauna fucking her face like she owns it, not with her entire body wound so tight around the demand to *please*. Shauna feels it happening— the tension that gathers in the way Jackie moans, the way her breath stutters against her skin. She can see Jackie's arm twitch, lose the rhythm she'd created with her fingers, and Jackie whines every time.

"Cum," she hisses, cruel and loving all at once. "Cum for me, you filthy little thing."

Jackie chokes on a moan, and what else can she do but obey? She cums *hard*, wrecked and gasping, fingers still deep inside herself as her body jerks, grinding against the heel of her own hand. She moans loud into Shauna's cunt, sharp and broken and wet. Her mouth doesn't stop, still licking and kissing and sucking as best as she can, even as her orgasm crashes into her like a fucking tidal wave.

Shauna follows her over the edge, grinding against Jackie's tongue with a ragged moan. She cums with her head thrown back and Jackie's name on her lips, one hand grabbing the back of the couch, and the other fisted in Jackie's hair, hips riding the ruins of the woman kneeling before her.

They stay like that for a moment, Shauna panting and Jackie trembling in front of her, both of them slick with sweat, soaked with cum, and out of breath. Then, quietly, Shauna reaches down to stroke the side of Jackie's face with the back of her gloved hand.

"You are," she murmurs, "the best thing I've ever fucking owned."

Jackie whimpers in response, eyes unfocused and wet, her lips forming a dreamy smile. Shauna throws her head back again, staring up at the ceiling, taking deep breaths to ground herself.

Jackie's still kneeling when Shauna moves, wriggling her hips back so she can sit up straight. She looks down at Jackie, slipping her hand down to the curve of her chin.

"Hey," Shauna says softly, voice hoarse. 'You with me, baby?' Jackie blinks up at her slowly, pupils blown so wide that Shauna can only see the tiniest ring of hazel, lips raw and wet. She nods, barely, but she's clearly floating somewhere high and far, far away. "Good girl," Shauna whispers. Her thumb grazes Jackie's bottom lip. "Always so fucking good for me."

She pulls her hand back and rips off the remaining glove, tossing it to the floor without much ceremony. That's a later problem. The mask comes off next. The black ski mask that had loomed so large in the fantasy, so terrifying and hot, peeled up and off in a slow, deliberate motion. Shauna's face appears behind it— cheeks flushed, absolutely soaked with sweat, eyes tired and soft. Jackie exhales, a ragged, relieved noise. "Hi," she whispers, almost childlike. "Hi, Shauna."

“Hi, sweetheart.” Shauna cups her cheeks with both hands, bare and warm, and so gentle it makes Jackie shudder. “I’ve got you, baby.” She leans down, presses their foreheads together. Jackie melts into the touch, her eyes fluttering shut. Her hands are still trembling, one of them sticky between her thighs, the other braced weakly on the couch.

Shauna draws back just enough to kiss her, slow and soft and *grounding*. It’s nothing like the touches they’d shared before— there’s no dominance, no performance. Just tenderness and the feeling of being home.

“Let’s get you cleaned up,” Shauna says softly, sliding down to the floor with her. She tugs Jackie’s hand away from her still dripping, sticky cunt, guiding her fingers to her own mouth, licking and sucking them clean while Jackie watches with flushed cheeks and wide eyes. Then she rises, scoops up the throw blanket from the floor, and wraps it around Jackie’s shoulders like a cape. “Come on, baby. Bathroom,” she says, nudging gently. She grabs Jackie’s discarded underwear, slipping them into her hoodie pocket. She holds her arm out for Jackie, a silent offering.

“I can walk,” Jackie insists, though she’s immediately clinging to Shauna’s arm the second she stands.

Shauna hums, nodding. “Sure you can, babe.”

They move together in almost perfect synchronicity down the hall, slow and quiet. Shauna runs a warm bath while Jackie waits patiently in the doorway. She wipes Jackie down with a damp cloth, kneeling beside the tub, murmuring praise with every swipe. She dresses her in clean, comfy clothes— an oversized Wiskayok High sweater from Shauna’s side of the closet, and a pair of soft cotton panties she tugs gently over Jackie’s hips.

They end up in bed, Jackie curled into Shauna’s chest, her cheek resting on the worn cotton of the hoodie Shauna hadn’t bothered to change out of. The lights are off, save for the bedside lamp casting a warm amber glow over them. Shauna’s fingers move slowly and steadily through Jackie’s damp hair, the silence between them soft and comfortable. Familiar.

Jackie’s voice eventually cuts through it, low and raspier than normal. “I really thought someone broke in, you know.”

Shauna’s movements falter for just a second, but it’s long enough for Jackie to notice. “I know,” her voice is quiet, hesitant, almost. “You looked— fuck, Jackie, your face. You looked terrified.”

Jackie nods against her chest. “I was. Only for a minute.”

“I thought about texting you when I left work, like I normally do,” Shauna admits. “Or maybe the code we talked about.”

Jackie hums, craning her neck to look up at her. “The word *intruder?*”

“Yeah,” Shauna says, nose wrinkling. “I felt like I’d ruin it though, y’know? Like it would’ve made you too aware. You’d be ready, and I guess… I don’t know, I didn’t want that.”

Jackie giggles softly, playing with one of Shauna’s hoodie strings. “You wanted to catch me slippin’, huh?”

“I wanted it to feel real,” Shauna’s voice is serious now. “And you told me you wanted it to be my choice, right? That I could pick the night, the timing. No heads up.”

“And I meant it.”

“But?”

“No but,” Jackie says, lips curling into a small smile. “It scared the shit out of me, yeah, but I think that made it hotter. Like—” She pauses, fingers still playing with a hoodie string. “It was real, for a moment. My body believed it, and when I realized it was you… that flip in my stomach was *electric*.”

“You weren’t mad?” Shauna swallows hard, guilt creeping up in her throat.

Jackie scoffs. “Mad?” She lifts her head, giving Shauna a crooked smile. “Baby, I came so hard I forgot my own middle name. You destroyed me, in the best way possible.”

“Jesus, Jax.” Shauna’s cheeks burn, a deep scarlet creeping up. “It wasn’t, like, too much?”

The blonde shakes her head, making a soft noise. “No, baby. It was perfect.”

“*You* were perfect,” Shauna says, pressing a soft kiss to Jackie’s hair. “Thank you for trusting me.”

“Of course, baby. The only one I really do,” Jackie’s smile is loving, but there’s something sad far behind her eyes. She looks over at a picture frame on the wall— it’s a candid shot of the two of them, dancing together at a friend’s wedding. Her heart skips a beat, and her fingers twitch around the fabric they’re clutching before she slides her hand to grab Shauna’s, lacing their fingers together. “Seriously, though. Next time? Don’t worry about it, don’t worry about a warning or anything. I can take it. I trust you.”

“Oh, yeah?” Shauna’s grin is wolfish, all teeth.

“Oh, yeah. Do *whatever* you want to me, Shipman.” Jackie throws a leg over Shauna, moving impossibly closer to her, pressing her body against Shauna’s side as firmly as she can. “Whenever you want.”

Shauna hums, twirling a strand of Jackie’s hair around a finger. “Already planning it.” Her voice is soft, but there’s a jagged edge to it that makes Jackie’s breath catch in her throat.

Shauna doesn’t miss the way Jackie’s hips twitch— she files it away in her mind, already deciding all the ways she’ll break her next time.